

THE JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR.

NO. 11.

GREAT SALT LAKE CITY, JUNE 1, 1866.

VOL 1.

[For the Juvenile Instructor.
TOO STRONGLY TEMPTED.

THE artist in the accompanying illustration has managed to depict with much truthfulness the story he wished to tell. The boys in the picture have evidently been employed to carry the basket which they have with them, and the hare and pheasant lying at their feet; and getting tired have sat down determined upon doing.

and the one who has the basket on his knee is in the act of opening it to see what it contains. See how earnestly the other boy is watching him, and mark the look of determination on the face of the one who is raising the lid. He has no right to do this, as though he meant to do something which he knew he should not do, but which he is nevertheless

It is right to seek after knowledge that may be employed for good; and the Lord has commanded

us to do so, and to study to obtain information of every useful kind. But this boy is merely seeking to gratify his curiosity. If those who had committed the basket to his care had wished him to know what was inside, they would have told him; but as they did not, he is trying to pry into that which he has no business with.

We will tell our little readers a story which we remember to have read when a boy, that will illustrate this failing of unlawful curiosity which many people, both boys and girls and others who are grown up, at many times manifest.

A man is said to have been working in a field, and as he toiled he wiped the sweat off his face, bemoaning his fate, and saying, "O, Father Adam, if it had not been for you, I would not have had to suffer this hard lot." The gentleman for whom he was working happened then to pass, and hearing him, asked what he meant by finding fault with Father Adam. He replied, if it had not been for the curiosity of our first Parents in tasting the forbidden fruit, he would not have to be thus toiling and sweating, for one of the penalties of their so doing was that mankind should eat their bread by the sweat of their brow. The gentleman asked him if he thought he would have done any better than they did? when he replied with more haste than wisdom that he certainly would. Upon this the gentleman promised that he would take the man home, feed and clothe him well, ask him to do no work, give him servants to wait upon him, and only require of him that he must not lift the cover off a certain dish, that would be on a table in the room. This the man agreed to very readily, and was taken to the gentleman's house, where he had almost everything given to him which he could desire. The servants waited on him attentively; he had fine clothes to wear, good food to eat, and no work to do. But after a few days he began to look with an eye of curiosity on the dish. He wondered what could be in it; he thought it could not be anything of much importance. He wondered why he was not to look at it. Finally he thought he could take a peep, and nobody know. Coming to this conclusion, he lifted the edge of the cover very gently, when a mouse popped out, and before he could catch it, the little animal had disappeared in a mouse-hole. It was soon found out that he had broken the conditions upon which he was relieved from labor, and he was stripped of his fine clothes and sent back to his toil in the fields, where he no longer had the excuse of finding fault with Father Adam for his own laziness, for that was at the bottom of his complaining in the first place.

He was as full of curiosity as the boy with the basket.



[For the Juvenile Instructor.
TRUTHFULNESS.

TRUTHFULNESS and sincerity are the foundation of goodness.

All little children are truthful, sincere and good, until they learn to tell the first little lie. When the first little lie has been told, the first step has been taken in the art of deception and dishonesty.

Little children should fear more to tell a lie than they would to put their fingers into the fire. If you burned your fingers a little, the burn would get well again, but it would smart so much that you would not put your fingers into the fire again for anything. Telling the first little lie does not make your fingers smart—you do not feel it like you feel a burn, and, may be, it saved you a good scolding for doing something wrong—something that papa

or mamma told you not to do; but after you have told one little lie, and you have not been found out, it makes you more bold, and you do more and greater wrongs, and to hide them you have to tell more and greater lies.

It is very hard to form a habit of burning your fingers, but it is quite easy to form a habit of telling falsehoods; then, should you not dread telling falsehoods more than you would dread the fire, for

when you have learned this bad habit it is not so easily cured as a burn.

One day, Mary asked little James, who had come over the way to play with her, to hold her nice china doll until she got a needle and thread to make it a little cap. While Mary was gone, James let the doll fall, and broke one of its feet off; but he did not do it on purpose. He picked up the little foot and hid it, that Mary might not know that he had broken her doll, and when she came for her doll he did not tell her, but ran away. Mary's mother soon saw that one of the china doll's feet was broken off, and blamed poor Mary for it, and came pretty near whipping her, and said she was a bad girl for breaking her nice doll that papa had bought her; and she was not permitted to have it to play with for two or three days after.

Several days after little James let the doll fall, he came again to play with Mary when she was nursing her china doll, and with tears in her eyes she showed to him the poor, little broken leg. James leaned against the wall, and began to pick the wall with his finger, and could not look at the wounded doll only sideways, and wanted to get away from both Mary and her doll. James was a good little boy because he felt ashamed at what he had done.

Now, my little children, you can easily see that James did a greater wrong in not telling Mary that he let her doll fall and broke its foot off, but could not help it, than by breaking the doll's leg. He was not truthful and sincere, but deceived little Mary, and got her blamed and scolded for the wrong which he had done. If he had honestly told little Mary's mother how the doll's leg was broken, he would have saved Mary many tears, and himself from being ashamed to look at a little doll, and he would have been called a brave, honest, truthful, good little boy.

It is far better to receive a whipping for doing wrong than to tell a lie to escape a whipping. If little children commence to tell lies and deceive each other when they are so young, what may we expect of them, if they continue this practice, when they become men and women?

UNCLE GEORGE.

[For the Juvenile Instructor.

THE STORY OF DANIEL.

(CONTINUED.)

Would my young friends believe that the king Nebuchadnezzar could forget God after the prophet Daniel had told so much about Him, and had interpreted the dream of the king, which no one could do but by the power of God?

But he did forget, and made an image of gold, which he set up in the plains of Dura, and he sent forth a proclamation and commanded all people in the provinces of Babylon, to worship it. The captive Jews, who remained true to their religion, did not heed the king's commandment.

It was told to the king that the three friends of Daniel did not worship the golden image; and when the king heard it, he was very angry, and sent for Hananiah, Mishael and Azariah, and he asked them if it was true that they had disobeyed his commandment. Then they boldly said to the king that they could not worship anything that was made by man, for they worshipped the God that made the heavens and the earth, who could both see and hear, and they feared His power more than the power of the great king of Babylon. The king, getting more angry, said to these men, that if they did not fall down and worship his golden image, they should be cast into a burning fiery furnace; but they would not do it, for God had commanded the nation of Israel not to worship any of the heath-

en gods; and they said to the king that the God they worshipped was able to deliver them out of his hands.

Then the king ordered the furnace to be made seven times hotter than they commonly made it, and he commanded that the strongest men in his army should bind Hananiah, Mishael and Azariah, and cast them into the fiery furnace. They did so, and the flames of the furnace were so hot, that all the men were immediately burned to death, who assisted in putting Daniel's friends into the furnace. The king stood looking on, and expected to see the three friends burned up, but to his great astonishment, he saw their bands loosed, and they were walking backwards and forwards in the midst of the flames. God had protected them, and the fire had no power to injure them.

Nebuchadnezzar then said to his wise-men "Did we not cast three men bound into the midst of the fire?" They answered and said, "True, O King." Then the astonished king said to them, that he saw four men walking in the midst of the fire, unburnt; and the form of the fourth one was like the Son of God.

The king then walked up nearer to the furnace, and speaking to the three men, he called them each by name, and said, "Ye servants of the Most High God, come forth;" and they walked out of the furnace, and the king and his counselors and his princes, governors and captains, all saw them; and although they were thrown into the burning flames with their hats and all their clothes on, their bodies were not hurt, and there was not so much as the smell of fire on their garments.

Children, I wish you to learn from this, how much better it is to fear God and keep His commandments, than it is to try to please those who do not love Him. We worship the same God that filled Daniel with wisdom, and preserved his three friends in the midst of the fiery furnace. E. R. S.

[For the Juvenile Instructor.
GRANDMA'S STORY.



"Wnx, what is the matter, with you, Ettie?" asked Grandma, as the little lady walked into the house with a scornful toss of her head, muttering something, and holding the skirt of her new muslin dress daintily with her finger and thumb.

"It's that Dora Brown, Grandma, who says she is just as good in her home-made linsey dress as I am in my nice muslin one, that pa bought in the store."

"Come here, Ettie, and I will tell you a little story," said Grandma, as she allowed the book she was reading in to drop in her lap.

Ettie, and her sister and little brother came up close to Grandma's knees, and looked up in her face.

"Once I knew three girls," said Grandma, "who lived in a small town in England. Two of them were sisters, and the other was a neighbor girl who was very much with them. The two sisters were named Harriet and Annie, the other girl was called Elizabeth. Their parents were not rich, and they all had to work, that they might get clothes, for their

fathers and mothers could not buy all they needed without their help.

"Elizabeth was very fond of dress, and used to think if she got on a finer or nicer frock than Harriet and Annie, that she was better than they were. This was when they were little girls, and as she grew older this thought grew stronger with her, until she did not care for any thing so much as to be finely dressed. Her father died, and her mother had to work harder, though she was getting old and feeble, for nearly all the money that Elizabeth earned was spent in dress."

"Harriet and Annie were quiet little girls, always very neat, but they thought more of their good mother than to have her work very hard, just that they might have fine articles of clothing to wear and always be in the fashion. So they always brought the money that they earned to their mother when they were paid; for they worked in a factory, or place where a great many people were employed, and they helped her at home, after they came from their day's work."

"Years passed away, and the three little girls had become women. Elizabeth's love of dress had grown with her, and she valued everybody by their clothes, while she thought that everybody valued her more when she had a silk dress on than when she wore a nice one of calico. She married a young man who had no money only what he earned by his work, and as she spent all she could get of it in dress, and in things of no real value, she kept him poor. After a while her husband got tired of his home, which was never comfortable, clean and neat, and he spent his leisure hours in places where he formed bad habits. He learned to drink and to swear; he neglected his home and his work; he brought but little money home to his wife, and she who had been so fond of finery was forced to wear rags.

"Her temper, which was never very good, grew worse and worse; she had little children of her own, but she did not care for them, as her mother had cared for her; quarrels between her husband and herself grew frequent, and there was nothing but misery and wretchedness in their house.

"Harriet and Annie embraced the Gospel in that land. They did not earn much money, but they did not buy any useless articles of dress, and they lived with their mother respectably. They testified of the truth of the Gospel to their shop-mates and they preached by their example, which gave power to their word, so that they were able to do much good. With comfortable linsey dresses on, always neat and tidy, they were respected by every good man and woman who knew them, while Elizabeth lost the respect of her former friends and of all who were acquainted with her.

"Harriet and Annie gathered with the Saints to these valleys, and continued to gain the esteem of the good.

"Now, children, you do not think that Elizabeth, dressed in her fine clothes, and leaving her poor mother to toil and work hard, was better than Harriet and Annie who wore linsey, helped their mother, and tried to do all the good in their power?"

The children answered "No," but Ettie dropped her head as if ashamed.

"Remember, my little ones," said Grandma, "that the Father in heaven does not value us for the clothes we wear, nor do good men and women on earth, but they esteem us if we are good. A nice dress may look well for a time, but good actions look well for ever."

LIE not; but let thy heart be true to God! Cowards tell lies, and those that fear the rod. Dare to be true. Nothing can need a lie; A fault that needs it most grows two thereby.

GEORGE HERBERT.

The Juvenile Instructor.

GEORGE Q. CANNON, EDITOR.

JUNE 1, 1866.

READING AND EATING.

 T is with reading as it is with eating; it is not so much the quantity of food that we eat that does us good, as it is the quantity we digest; and it is not the amount that we read but that which we remember that is of benefit to us. By eating slowly, and thoroughly chewing that which we eat, our food is prepared for our stomachs; our teeth having performed their share of the labor, the stomach easily attends to its duties, and the body is healthy and strong. We have seen children go to table, and gobble down their food as though they were taking pills. They do not know that their teeth are placed in their mouths for them to break up their food with and grind it fine; but they cram their food into their mouths, and then, to get it swallowed quickly, they wash it down their throats with large drinks of water. This practice is very hurtful, and if continued, is sure to produce weakness and disease.

Our little readers should learn, when they are young, to eat slowly and chew their food well. Make this a habit. When it has become a habit, you may take a dry crust, or a dry cracker, and you will find, by chewing it well, that it will be moist enough to swallow without drinking; but if you do not chew it well, you will be apt to want something to drink to wash it down.

We have said so much about eating, now we will say a little about reading.

Suppose, children, you were to read every book and paper that you could find, and could not remember what you did read, of what benefit would your reading be to you? We have known boys and girls who would read books with much interest apparently; but afterwards, if you were to ask them about what they had read, they would not be able to tell you. There would be nothing clear or well arranged in their minds on the subjects of which they had read. Now, time used in this manner is not well spent, and does not profit those who take this course. Haste and carelessness in reading have the same effect upon the mind, that hurry in eating has upon the body.

Children, both habits are injurious, and you ought to avoid both. Far better for you to read but little, and recollect what you read, than to read a great deal, and forget it, or to have it so confounded and in such a jumble in your mind that you can not use it.

(For the Juvenile Instructor.

Voices from Nature.

THE SLEEPING CHILD.

SOMNAX M. STAVIA PUBL.
In the year 1813, during the great war which then raged in Europe, when the Russians came into Germany they brought with them thousands of Cossacks, a barbarous people, who subjected the inhabitants of the land to numberless annoyances and sufferings. My native place had been visited in turns by the French, Prussians, and now also by those savages. The people had been stripped of everything, being scarcely able to sustain their own lives. The chief magistrate of one of the towns, after having satisfied the endless demands of the

wild conquerors, almost to his last mouthful, found himself unable to give any more. One day a whole band of Cossacks entered his house tumultuously, and their leader, failing to obtain what he wanted, took the owner by the throat, threatening to kill him and burn down his house. In the scuffle, they approached a cradle in which a little child was sleeping. Suddenly the Cossack released his hold upon the man, looked upon the child, and bursting into tears, lifted it up in his arms, kissed it and handed it around to his comrades, who all kissed it and danced with it around the room. Their whole nature seemed to have changed all at once, and while some played tenderly with the child, others hurried off soon to return with fowls, bread and provisions of all kinds, which they forced upon the astonished parents, who had been saved from death, perhaps, by their sleeping child, whose innocent face had called to the minds of those wild men the picture of their own little huts on the far-off banks of the river Don and the Black Sea, where their own little ones were perhaps peacefully sleeping and dreaming of their fathers on the distant battle fields. That little child, however, that by the voice of nature changed in a moment bloodthirsty savages into gentle beings, has told me the story herself in later years, for it was my own mother.

Look upon your little brother or baby sister, my young readers, sleeping in its cradle or little bed: the peace of heaven, the beauty of angels and the smile of innocence are beaming from that tiny form, and calling on you for your love, for your patience, for your assistance. Learn to look upon that little one with your whole soul, and thoughts and feelings will steal and creep into your heart and make it swell and warm, that I have felt a thousand times, but cannot give utterance to. So you have slept, when you were babies; so we all have. Why should innocence, beauty and gentleness, which are stronger than iron and the sword, flee from us with the years of childhood? Sorrow and care may wrinkle our face, age may dim our eye, and the storms of life cause our steps to falter, but if virtue, faith and hope have kept the heart young and fresh, when our last hour arrives, our Father in heaven will gather to his bosom again his sleeping child.

K. G. M.

(For the Juvenile Instructor.

The Indians.

DEATH OF LEHI—NEPHI SEPARATES FROM HIS BRETHREN.

As soon as possible after Lehi and his family had landed on the shores of America, they put into the ground the seeds of grain and fruit they had brought with them from Jerusalem which grew rapidly, yielding them an abundant harvest. They found nearly all kinds of animals in the country, including those most useful to man, such as the horse, the ass, the cow, goat, etc., also abundance of gold, silver, copper, iron and other minerals. Nephi, by the Lord's command, made plates out of ore, or metal, on which to keep an account of his father's family and their posterity. These plates were preserved, and handed down from one generation to another, each person who had them in his possession writing something on them until they were full. People in those days did not know how to make paper, so that they did not have books such as we have, but used to engrave anything they wished to preserve upon plates of gold, or some other metal, or write upon the skins of animals. Of course, this made their books very expensive, and they could write very few letters to each other. How thankful we should be that we have so many facilities

now for writing to our friends and of hearing from those we love.

A few years after this, Lehi died. Previous to his death he called all his children and their families around him, including the sons of Ishmael and Zoram, gave them his blessing, and exhorted them to be united, to obey the commandments of God, and to listen to the counsels of their brother Nephi. But no sooner was the good old man dead than Laman and Lemuel began again to rebel against and persecute Nephi, finally making up their minds that they would kill him. The Lord, knowing what was in their hearts, warned Nephi to take his family and go into a distant part of the country, which he did, accompanied by Zoram and his family, his elder brother Sam and his family, his younger brothers, Jacob and Joseph, his sisters, and also some others who preferred to go with Nephi and be subject to the guidance of the Lord through him, to remain with Laman, Lemuel, and the sons of Ishmael, who had become very wicked. Nephi also took with him the brass plates they had brought from Jerusalem as well as the plates he had made, the ball of brass that directed them through the wilderness, the sword of Laban, together with seeds and animals of different kinds. After having traveled into the wilderness for many days, they stopped and again put their seeds into the ground, built houses, and prospered exceedingly. From this time, all those who were with Nephi, with their descendants, were called Nephites, and all those who remained with Laman, with their children, were known as Lamanites, and it is by these names we shall refer to them in the future.

Laman and Lemuel taught their children that Nephi had grossly wronged and robbed them, and had endeavored to make himself a ruler and king over them, so they grew up hating the Nephites, and took advantage of every opportunity to injure and murder them. As they became more numerous their hatred towards the Nephites increased, and for thousand years they waged almost continual wars upon one another. The Nephites, however, for several hundred years, always fought in self-defense, to protect their wives and families, their homes and their cities from the outrages and the ravages of the Lamanites, who became a very cruel, degraded, filthy and bloodthirsty set of people, very much like the Indians now. They soon began to paint themselves and wear the skins of animals, which made them look very frightful and hideous, and they lived more by hunting and stealing than by cultivating the ground.

The Nephites, on the contrary, were a very industrious, peaceable people, who made fine farms, reared comfortable and solid houses, built large cities, and were governed and taught by wise and good men who enjoyed revelation from the Lord. They were also a very white and beautiful and highly intellectual and cultivated people. But after a time they, too, forgot God, fell into great wickedness, and, about four-hundred years after the resurrection of Jesus Christ, they were utterly destroyed by the Lamanites, after a series of the most dreadful battles we have any account of in the history of the world. After this there were none but Lamanites left, and the present American Indians are their descendants.

[The above article, being the last of the series on The Indians, should have appeared in No. 10 of the INSTRUCTOR instead of the first of a series of articles entitled Sketches from the Book of Mormon. But it was accidentally mislaid; which is the reason of its being published now instead of them.—ED. J. I.]

NEVER want a thing you cannot get, and then you will have all you want.

Poetry.

[For the Juvenile Instructor.
A SUNDAY RECITATION.]

Come children, to our Sunday school;
Peace is the order and the rule;
Each heart and hand a useful tool,
That all may very welcome be.
By fondest parents we are sent;
Our teacher's time is kindly spent,
To teach us truths with wise intent,
To fit us for eternity.
Should we not deem it godly cheer,
To bid each other welcome here?

And if we make, through childhood's hours,
Good use of time, and tax our powers,
As God His gracious blessings showers,

So shall each day improve our state;
Till men who have for wisdom sought,
With Utah's sons to test are brought,
And own, with us, a gem is wrought
Of precious knowledge, good and great:
Here will they seek that priceless gem,
And Deseret will welcome them.

Then let us strive to spend our time,
In youth's bright hours and manhood's prime,
In working out the truth sublime;
And should we stay old age to see;
We'll live our childhood o'er again,
Living and learning like true men,
Till death shall call us hence, and then
We'll reign throughout eternity:
Sweet rest we'll find 'neath heaven's dome,
While angels sing sweet welcome home.

LOUISA.

Smithfield, Cache Co.

Biography.**JOSEPH SMITH, THE PROPHET.**

(CONTINUED.)

BEFORE Joseph left Independence, Missouri, to return to Kirtland, Ohio, arrangements had been made to publish a paper. In June, 1832, the first number of "The Evening and Morning Star" was issued at Independence, and Joseph received it at Kirtland in July. This was the first paper ever published in Upper Missouri, and at the time of its publication was about one hundred and twenty miles farther West than any other paper in the State; or in the United States.

It was in November of that year (1832) that Joseph saw, for the first time, Presidents Brigham Young, Heber C. Kimball and Joseph Young. They visited Kirtland and spent several days there. While they were there, Joseph heard Brigham and John P. Green speak in tongues, it being the first time that he had heard that gift among the brethren; others also spoke and Joseph received the gift himself. While they were there, Joseph predicted that the time would come when Brother Brigham would preside over the whole Church.

In December, 1832, Joseph received a very important revelation concerning our own nation. The Lord revealed through him at that time that a war should rage between the Southern and Northern States. This war commenced early in 1861. There are many very important matters connected with that revelation which have yet to be fulfilled. Our little readers can read that revelation; it is not very lengthy, but it is very important and full of meaning.

To show how plainly Joseph saw by the spirit of revelation the events that were coming to pass in

his own land and nation, it is only necessary to quote from his writings and discourses. Under date of January 4th, 1833, he wrote among other things, a letter to an Editor, Mr. Sexton of Rochester, the following remarkable prediction:

"And now I am prepared to say by the authority of Jesus Christ, that not many years shall pass away before the United States shall present such a scene of bloodshed as has not a parallel in the history of our nation; pestilence, hail, famine and earthquakes will sweep the wicked of this generation from off the face of the land, to open and prepare the way for the return of the lost tribes of Israel from the North Country."

He said further: "I declare unto you the warning which the Lord has commanded me to declare unto this generation, remembering that the eyes of my Maker are upon me, and that to him I am accountable for every word I say, wishing nothing worse to my fellow men than their eternal salvation. Therefore, fear God and give glory to him, for the hour of his judgment is come; repent ye, and embrace the everlasting covenant, and flee to Zion, before the overflowing scourge overtakes you, for there are those now living upon the earth whose eyes shall not be closed in death until they see all these things which I have spoken fulfilled."

How few there were who would believe those important predictions! The Editor to whom they were sent would only publish a part of the letter. At that time all was peace in the land, and the people would not believe that there would be war. But the word of the Lord could not fail. War came, and such a scene of bloodshed never has been seen in the nation as has been witnessed during this war. The rest of the predictions will also be fulfilled. How thankful you should be, children, unto the Lord, for having sent prophets at the time when you live on the earth. Through them you can know what the Lord is going to do, and when evil is coming, learn how to escape it. David said in Psalms 33d and 12 verse: "Blessed is the nation whose God is the Lord, and the people whom he hath chosen for his own inheritance."

Joseph organized the School of the Prophets in Kirtland, and the Elders and Saints made great progress in the knowledge of God. On the 18th of March, 1833, according to the commandment of the Lord, he ordained Sidney Rigdon and Frederick G. Williams to assist him in the presidency of the High Priesthood as his Counselors. At that meeting, many of the Saints who were present had heavenly visions and beheld many glorious things.

In those days Joseph was much troubled in spirit by the conduct of the leading Elders and the Saints at the gathering place in Missouri. But he did not hide the word of the Lord. He gave them solemn warnings of the judgments that were in store for them, in consequence of their transgressions, and urged them to repent. They did humble themselves before the Lord.

In the month of April, 1833, wicked men began to form themselves into a mob at Independence, Missouri. They wanted to persecute and drive the Saints from their homes, and thereby prevent them from fulfilling the command of the Lord. This was the beginning of persecution in that State. That persecution continued for years, and resulted in the shedding of much innocent blood, and the plundering and driving out of the Saints from the State.

ONLY A COBBLER.—DR. CAREY, while at dinner one day with the Governor-General of India, heard an officer ask if Dr. Carey had not once been a shoemaker.

"No, sir," replied Carey; "only a cobbler." That was a brave reply. Few men who rise from small beginnings to prosperity have either

sense or courage enough to glory in their early poverty.

I have known boys to be ashamed of their business because it was humble. Foolish shame! I would rather be an honest cobbler than a dishonest merchant. Nay, I would rather be an honest rag-picker than a wicked king. Character, my children, not business, makes the noble boy or man.

I READ lately of a young girl, clothed in gay garments, who was thrumming lustily on the piano while her mother was busy washing the kitchen floor and cleaning up the house.

I read also of a boy who was seen lugging a heavy basket which almost pressed him to the ground. A gentleman said to him:

"My boy, you have a heavy load."

"Yes, sir," he replied, "but I'd rather carry it than that mother should."

Which of these two children, think you, loved mother? The boy? Certainly. That boy was worth forty such children as that girl who could leave her poor hard-working mother to toil in the kitchen while she tried to make music in the parlor. Why, there was more music in that boy's heart than could be beaten out of a thousand pianos by a whole regiment of such girls. Children who haven't love enough for mother to help her, need to study the fifth commandment.

THE LARGER SHARE.—Annie Gray was six years old. Bessie Gray was only four. One day their mother gave them a cake, saying:

"Annie, cut this cake into two equal parts. Give Bessie one half and keep the other yourself."

Annie took a knife and cut the cake so that one part was almost twice as long as the other. The larger piece she gave to Bessie and kept the other for herself.

"Why, Annie," said her watchful mother, "you are, I fear, unjust to yourself."

"No, I am not, mother. Bessie is smaller than I, and she ought to have the larger bit." Generous Annie! If every brother and sister was like her, quarrels would be as scarce among them as strawberries are in January.—[Selected.]

CHARADE.—The following have answered correctly the Charade in No. 9: The answer is Warm Spring Bath House;—John P. Smith, junior; Eudora L. Young; Melissa Riggs; William Grimsell; Mary Ann Fitzgerald; Julia A. Fitzgerald; Mandana Jane Stewart; Delilah E. Allen.

ARITHMETICAL QUESTION.

A boy was apprenticed for 10 years to learn a trade. He served 9 years, 9 months, 9 weeks, 9 days, 9 hours, 9 minutes and 9 seconds, when he left his master. How much of his time was still remaining to be served.

The above question to be worked by compound subtraction.

CHARADE.

I am composed of 19 letters.
My 12, 9, 11, 4, 19, 6, is a sacred name.
My 5, 15, 17, 6, 14, 10, is cunning.
My 1, 7, 14, 18, 16, 17, 15, 5, was a great navigator.

My 2, 13, 7, 8, is a part of a barrel or cask.
My 3, 7, 16, 10, is a very ancient city.
My whole is the name of a man whose history is closely associated with this continent.

The Juvenile Instructor

Is published in Great Salt Lake City, Utah Territory.
On the First and Fifteenth of every Month.

GEORGE Q. CANNON, Editor.

TERMS—ALWAYS IN ADVANCE.

Single Copy, for Six Months.....\$1 50
Single Copy, per Annum.....3 00
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